

6/27

# The Cheer

1926-27









# The Cheer

Vol. XIX

October 11, 1926

No. 1

## LARGEST ENROLLMENT

### First C. L. S. Program October 24

In two weeks' time the Columbian Literary Society will present its first public program of the scholastic year, '26-'27. A varied program of intellectual and dramatic entertainment has been provided. Martin Kenney will be the introductory speaker of the occasion and will present to the audience the society's newly elected president, Fred Westendorf, who will thereupon deliver his inaugural address and assume his office as chairman. He will then preside over a two-handed debate between William Neidert and Clarence Issenmann. As an afterpiece and closing act of the program, a delightful farce comedy has been selected. "Now, Adolph" is sure to tickle the funnybone of every person in the audience, not once or twice, but continuously. The play is one big scream from beginning to end.

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Dear Reader:

Before any publication can exist, sufficient financial backing must be secured to insure that paper's or that magazine's survival of the financial crises that must come and will come to one and all. The CHEER is no exception to this law. Thus, for the benefit of an enterprise from which they receive little remuneration, the merchants and business men of Rensselaer have willingly contributed, and it now remains with you, dear reader, to repay this kindness by showing our advertisers that their kind consideration must and shall not go unrewarded. In the ads. of the CHEER are represented various lines of business, so that there is no excuse why these business men cannot be given, at the very least, part of your trade and patronage. If you are an alumnus and happen to read this, remember, on coming back to your Alma Mater,

### 280 on Roll Call

Ere one fourth of September 15 had passed from eternity to eternity, Brother William had disturbed the slumbers, and ended the dreams of one of the largest student bodies ever enrolled at St. Joe. At present, Freshies are living up to their name, the Sophs are trying to look wise, Thirds and Fourths are looking with disdain upon the lower classes, while the Fifts are doing their best to uphold the reputation of "Baker Study Hall". The Seniors accepted their important roles with as little commotion as possible, and now they have mastered the correct form of striking for free days. The study halls are filled to capacity and the college students have a "private" refectory. Many of the classes had to be divided because of the large enrollment. The students are enthusiastic over their classes, sports, and various societies and organizations, to an extent which is really encouraging. Every indication points to the fact that this year's student body, besides being one of the largest during the existence of St. Joe, will also be one of the most successful.

### In Memoriam

It is our sad duty to announce to the alumni that Karl Rochol, who for many years served as book-binder at St. Joe, was called to his eternal reward on September 23, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. During his life many classed him as an eccentric man, but his kindness was always in evidence. Even the birds entertained no fear in the presence of the "old soldier," for, much like a St. Francis, he fed them and courted their company.

R. I. P.

those men who had regard for St. Joe and backed its official organ. Remember, "One good turn deserves another."

THE EDITORS.

### St. Joe Ready for Football Season

The football menu for 1926 looks exceedingly tasty and appetizing to every St. Joe student. To say that prospects are bright, would be putting the question very mildly, as classes were hardly resumed before there were posted on the bulletin board various notices, each one, however, speaking the same message—football. The very atmosphere was charged, and heavily at that, with football rumors. Peppy meetings, hard workouts, and secret drills in remote parts of the campus were in order and very much in practice. So once more let it be said that a card of rare football entertainment may be expected.

Under the capable supervision of its noble manager, Cornelius Heringhaus, the Senior League with its inter-class games is already well started. Five teams representative of the classes make up the Senior circuit. To whom the pennant will finally belong is an open question and one much disputed on the campus. Each coach, each manager, and each captain can advance more reasons why his respective team should win the rag, and can dope out more alibis for every defeat, than Izaak Walton had methods for catching fish. All the players, however, are doing their darndest and many hectic battles are expected before the snow flies.

### "The Barrier"

Much rejoicing was caused when the first movie of this scholastic year was screened in the college auditorium. "The Barrier", by Rex Beach, afforded an enjoyable, as well as educational, two hours' pastime on Sunday evening, September 19. Not only were the plot and the acting interesting, but many of the individual scenes were such that it would tax the genius of a poet to describe fully their beauty.



# THE TYRANNY OF FATE

PAUL FARLEY, '29

James Lyons was a reckless, bold fellow, a dare-devil. From his earliest years he delighted in taking risks and chances; the more rash the act, the more enjoyment he got out of it. This instinct stayed with him up to the event which I am about to disclose.

There was no end to his line of perilous exploits. From daring his boy chums to minor feats, in his earlier years he gradually rose in his achievements until in his present position, at the age of twenty-three, he proved to be a professional dare-devil.

Rip—for that was what he was called—was not a bad fellow. He had a heart within him brimming with a love of fun and mirth, yet at times he could become very serious and dignified. He had a humor unequalled, and his personality was of the type that easily makes lasting friends.

At this part of our story, he was working on some new ventures in Rochester, which were to be staged from the roof of the Aerial Building fifteen stories high, on the fourth of July, just three days ahead. During these last three days Rip and his manager worked unusually hard, for they were determined "to put it over", as Rip himself expressed it.

The all-important day arrived a bit too soon to suit his plans; he had not had the time to practice very extensively on his last act, the one that was to make a name for him.

At three o'clock sharp, Rip appeared at the edge of the roof to be greeted with a loud demonstration by a considerable crowd below. He waited for no preliminaries but started right in. With the exception of a few minutes rest, he worked steadily, and though every act caused the crowd to gasp in horror, yet they soon came back to normalcy and gave him a rousing ovation.

Rip moved with the agility of a panther, the speed of a deer, and the caution of a doe. Occasionally, as he heard the encouragement of his manager, he would nod with his broad smile, absolute master of the situation.

So far, everybody concerned was pleased with the proceedings, but in the last act a "hitch" occurred, one

which almost caused a cruel death to the performer. Fortunately, almost miraculously, its purpose was thwarted.

Two tables, each five feet in length, three feet wide, and three feet high, were placed lengthwise from the edge of the roof, back towards the center. Rip was to make a running dive lengthwise across the tables and stand on his head on a cushioned chair, but he never stood on his head on that chair.

Rip made a perfect dive, one that caused the spectators to catch their breath convulsively. The disaster came a second later, for in landing he slightly overbalanced himself and fell backwards over the edge of the roof.

Down he came swinging his arms viciously for something to hold on, but nothing was there. His body verily flew through space ten stories downward tearing through the air with ever increasing speed! Was there any hope at all? To Rip everything was one streak; still he retained his senses. Nine stories from the ground, eight, seven, six—could nothing be done? But look! he is clutching that flag-pole; can he hold on till help is offered? The friction burnt his hands and arms; he could not hold on, though it meant dear life to him. Once more he started his downward course to certain death. That flagpole on the fifth story helped very much since it gave Rip a moment to consider his situation and, what was still more, it retarded his speed. For four more stories he kept on dropping, when on the last story, he grabbed another flagpole. This time, realizing more fully his position, Rip clutched the flagpole and held on till help was given him by means of a ladder from a nearby fire department.

This accident was the turning point in Rip's life. He resolved on a new course, and this led along the line to a business profession. Now in his quieter moments, in the evening of life, after a hard day's work, as he sits and muses over fond reminiscences, his one conclusion, after recalling this great turning point in his life, is: "You take the chance, but you also take the consequences."

## In Our Mail Box

The H. C. C. Journal was the first paper which the postman deposited in our mail box. Now in its third year, the paper gives every indication that it will uphold and further the record set by its former standards.

### TWO TELEGRAPH BLANKS.

No. 1.—"Dad, I am broke." Jack.

No. 2.—"So's your old man." Dad.  
—Hour Glass.

A very fine description of the activities of the Fifth General Mission Convention held at Dayton last June was detailed on the Mission page of the Look-a-Head. The article was very interesting throughout, and highly instructive to those who were unable to attend the Convention.

Always desirous of giving other school papers the well known once-over, and always welcoming healthy criticism, THE CHEER will gladly exchange with one and all school papers of 1926—1927. Cheerio!

## League Begins With 0-0 Game

The Fiftths and Fourths opened the football season of the Senior League in truly handsome style by battling through a hard fought 48 minutes of play to a 0-0 tie. The two teams were so evenly matched that it was very seldom, indeed, that either side advanced within scoring distance. Twice during the game the Fiftths threatened to score: once, when with only a minute remaining of the first half, they failed to rush the pigskin across the goal from the eight yard line. In the fourth quarter a try for goal from field failed to materialize, and the Fiftths' last chance to score went glimmering. The Fourths immediately started a vicious drive down field but could not come closer than thirty yards to the goal. Injuries played havoc on both sides, with Dame Fortune frowning very heavily on the Fourths who lost three men to the Fiftths' two. No man, however, was seriously disabled. Modrijan put up a stellar game at full back for the Fourths, and Heiman, the Fiftths' speedy quarterback, looked exceptionally well in running back punts. Many naturally would like to see these two teams hooked up in another game, when both squads are in mid-season form.



## Down in Arkansas

Some wonderful things happen down in Arkansas! In fact, it appears to be a veritable wonderland. But where there are wonders there must also be a victim of these happenings. So one day farmer Buckingwheat, who owns a small farm near Little Rock, was treated rather cruelly. Early in the morning as he was just in the act of going to the field to plow, some flying object, not an airplane either, attracted his attention. It was before the days of the airplane, so Farmer Buckingwheat began to fear. The buzzing object came nearer and nearer, and the farmer saw his certain doom. In his excitement, however, he eyed a place of refuge which proved to be a large black iron kettle. Farmer Buckingwheat armed himself with a hatchet and disappeared under the kettle. In the meantime the flying object, which turned out to be a squad of huge Mississippi mosquitoes, made a hurried descent and lighted on the very kettle that shielded the farmer. Each mosquito, after filing his beak, began to sink it in the iron kettle, until the entire outer surface of the kettle was jammed with mosquito legs and wings, while their beaks had already reached the inside. But Farmer Buckingwheat with his hatchet had clinched each beak as it came through. All aboard! The mosquitoes having a sufficient hold raised the kettle and flew away with it, leaving Farmer Buckingwheat uninjured. He slowly straightened up, rubbed his eyes and beheld his kettle well on its way to Mississippi.

Again, down in that country of unparalleled occurrences fearful cyclones are extremely common. Then, too, though it may seem rather queer, farmers there, in true Arkansas fashion, do not plow across the field, but around it. So Farmer Buckingwheat, after the incident of the kettle and mosquitoes, finally succeeded in getting out to the field and had just begun to plow around a forty-acre field when one of those airplane-like cyclonic clouds hove in sight. It was sailing along gaily and twisting itself into no mean variety of shapes. Well, the experienced eye of the venerable old tiller of the soil saw at once that the "pesky thing" was going to drop down in those regions somewhere, so he unhitched his horses and made for a distant barn, leaving

the plow stand in the furrow. Scarcely had he reached the much coveted shelter when, looking back, he beheld that the storm had struck the very field he had just left, and that it had, moreover, assumed the form of a terrific whirwind. And—here's the beauty of it all—that cyclone had seized his plow and had driven it around and around that field at the rate of approximately 143 3-4 miles per hour, plowing the whole field of forty acres in less time than it takes to tell, and had then vanished into thin air, leaving the plow with its share burnt to ashes, but otherwise safe and sound. Old man Buckingwheat sat down and chuckled to himself: "By Jove, every cloud has its silver lining!"

W. N. '27

## New Football League Organized

Something new in St. Joe football circles was inaugurated this season when a league was formed for the benefit of the lower classmen. This Junior League, as it is known officially, consists of several teams chosen from among the high school students, and serves, in a way, as a graduate school to the Senior League. New suits have been purchased for the Junior scrappers and, even if the lads do not play football, they will surely look very handsome and snappy in their gold and scarlet jerseys. Enthusiasm is likewise running high and the league gives much promise of competing seriously with its senior rival. Manager Bill Gibbons has been hard at work putting the circuit in smooth running order. As the Juniors say, they may be a little slow in getting started, but watch their finish.

So, up and at 'em; go, Juniors, go. Make your initial year, above all, a success.

### FACULTY CHANGES FOR 1926-1927

With the good wishes of the students ringing in his ears, Fr. Rufus Esser left St. Joe in late September for Washington, D. C., to pursue his studies at the Catholic University in that city. His successor, Fr. Aloysius Dirksen, arrived this week to take immediate charge of Fr. Esser's classes. Another addition was also made to the Faculty of St. Joe when Fr. Cyrille Knue came to assist Fr. Staab in the Science courses.

## Typical Wash-room Occurrence

"Say, fellows, isn't this a pretty towel?"

"Yes, whose is it?"

"There you go again, always trying to insult me. Ah, your hair looks swell that way. What kind of sheik oil do you use?"

"Quinine Hair Oil."

"May I use some?"

"It wouldn't do any good to say no."

"I had a full bottle of sheik oil the day I came, and the second day I bumped it out of my locker and the bottle broke."

"Yah, I saw you do it. That bottle was filled with water. Your bluff didn't work that time."

"Aw, you forgot yourself this morning and got up when the bell rang. You've been grouchy ever since. Say, how do you use this hair oil?"

"Soak your head in water, and then don't put any on."

"The next time I go up town, I'll buy some hair grease just to show you fellows how generous I am."

"Say, I'll get permission for you to go right away."

"Aw, can't you take a joke? By the way, have you got a styptic pencil?"

"You just saw me shave left handed, so you knew that I had to have one."

"My, but there's a shortage of mirrors around here."

"Sure, go ahead, use mine, I'm finished."

The last speaker leaves, and in about fifteen minutes returns unexpectedly, whereupon there is an unusual amount of silence on the part of all the occupants of the washroom. The entrant notices an unwarranted decrease in his supply of hair oil, shaving cream, and in fact, in his entire supply of toilet articles. He keeps his thoughts to himself (which is just as well since they would not bear publication), and consoles himself with the fact that, after all, it is worth while to see so many clean shaven faces and such glistening crops of hair.

W. F. '27

The famous Collegeville Candy Company has passed into the capable hands of K. Oliver Hans, senior partner, and Pat Galliger, junior partner. The members of the trust wish to recommend their "wet goods" to all patrons.



# THE CHEER

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William Friemoth C. Issenmann  
William Neidert Alfred Zanolar  
Martin Kenney.....Business Manager

## AGAIN—THE CHEER

After an interval of four months we are again offering the "CHEER" to the students, alumni, and friends of St. Joe. The splendid support given the CHEER of last year certainly deserves mention, and we shall endeavor to make the CHEER of '26 and '27 such as will merit the support of a still larger and still more enthusiastic group of readers and boosters than was the case last year.

The objects of a college paper are of necessity numerous. Lack of space forbids an enumeration of all the benefits derived from such a venture. St. Joe is confronted with a problem which is not to be found in most cases. This problem is a divided student body. During the whole of last year this fact was plainly visible to an attentive observer. One of the accomplishments upon which the CHEER of last year bases its claim of success, is the fact that, with some degree of truth, it can be said that the CHEER endeavored to instil the spirit of harmony in the hearts of the secular and community students of St. Joe. This harmony was brought about by the united efforts of both professors and students. Unity! yes, unity means harmony, and anything which awakens the interest of every student in a common purpose can truly claim a share in the benefits which result from this unity of purpose.

Let us, therefore, work together, having as our common goal a greater St. Joe. You can do your bit by helping to support the CHEER, which represents St. Joe, in a manner in which a school cannot be represented by anything outside of a "student publication."— W. F. '27

## COLUMBUS DAY

"Domine, in manibus tuis animam meam commendo."

Columbus, just before the end of a life spent in untiring zeal for good, uttered the words, "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." His life of sorrows and disappointments was begun between the years 1435 and 1449, and after accomplishing the most courageous feat ever attempted by man, this noble person spent many years in poverty, and even in chains, until finally the grim angel of death called him from the world for which he had done an inestimable amount of good.

Judging the life of this great man from the modern point of view, we should conclude that it was an utter failure. To undertake his famous voyage, it was first necessary to spend long years in searching for someone who would finance the undertaking. After the first renown of having successfully returned from so perilous a journey had died away, his life was again one of abject poverty. Still, today the name of Columbus is known and loved the world over. His name and fame will outlive that of Ford, and the debt we owe to him exceeds our wildest imaginings.

True, there are no new worlds for us to discover, furthermore, there is no urgent need for a new world; still we may beneficially imitate the life of Columbus. His humility and his patience as exemplified in a youth or man of today, would mean a person who puts forth every effort in order to become an ideal man in every sense of the word. If one does this, when the hour of death comes, he may say without fear, "Domine, in manibus tuis animam meam commendo."

W. F. '27

## The Old Abbey

"If these hallowed walls could but speak."

My memory carries me back to "somewhere" in Ohio where pleasant associations with an "Old Abbey Building" hold my emotions in thrall. The name, "Old Abbey," was not given to this building in derision, but in recognition of its former sacredness. At present I recall it to mind, not as a home for religions, but rather in its capacity as recreation hall for a body of lively students.

Hustle and bustle; noise and shouting; smoke and dust; all are

common occurrences in the Old Abbey. From the uppermost gable to the lowermost recess in the dark cellar comes either the noise of someone who is feeling good or of something that tastes good. The recreation rooms tastefully decorated, the locker-rooms, cool and inviting, the porch comfortable and shady, all attract crowds and keep crowds busy. The sweet strains of the victrola, the unsubdued voices of students, the click of the pool-balls, the rattle of the chess-players' brains when they attempt to think, unite to produce a weird species of harmony. There is but little discord, except when Brother Henry loses his temper and begins to look for it with a loud voice. Then there is partial quiet until peace is restored, when the same harmonious strains are again heard.

And, then, there is the stage! What stirring plays are given, what enjoyable programs staged! Here amid this peaceful atmosphere are also heard the orchestra and the band. Where could so fitting a place be found to play or enjoy a musical selection as in the Old Abbey—haunted by spirits of past programs and pervaded by an atmosphere of mellow age?

Although overshadowed by a larger and more pretentious building, the Old Abbey stands in friendly sympathy. The ancient sun-dial fears not to differ with the more modern instrument on the tower of the seminary building, the vines growing on the weather-beaten walls are not ashamed of comparison with the newly-planted vines on the other buildings; the antique, ill-kempt lawns are quite as pleasing, as the newer and thinner growths about the larger structures. Everything is peaceful and restful and a spirit of contentment seems to hover over the Old Abbey.

A year has passed. Gone are the happy days, gone the peace and restfulness of yore, gone never to return. What a change has one year brought! No longer is the Old Abbey overrun by lively boys; no longer does it resound to the footfalls and merry voices of exuberant youth; no longer is it calm and undisturbed; no longer a place of contentment and joy. Where a short time since all was life and movement now all is death and desolation. Brick by brick the Old Abbey has been torn down. The walls, the

(Continued on Page 12)



## Our Correspondence School

### Perfect Behavior in the Classroom.

Much has already been said and done regarding the very important topic of behavior in the classroom. Still more has been left unsaid and undone about this question, and it is our endeavor to present to you, for your approbation or disapprobation, this uninstructional course, which, we are certain, will prove a help to many and a veritable life saver to at least a few.

If upon entering the classroom you are neither sleepy nor unprepared (a very unusual occurrence), the correct procedure is to don your most ignorant expression. This, of course, will produce the desired effect of having the professor call upon you for a recitation immediately after he notices the school girl expression. After you have recited, the remainder of the period may safely be spent in day dreaming, or in any similar pastime.

It occasionally happens that your lesson is prepared. This preparation necessitated the appropriation of a period or so, which ordinarily would have been spent in sleeping, to study. The result of this is an unconquerable tendency to make up for lost sleep during class. In this case apply the same rules of etiquette which are given in the preceding paragraph.

Study halls are places of comparative quiet. It is, consequently, advisable to devote your study periods to the highly beneficial custom of making up sleep, which was lost during the last vacation, or to the laying up of a supply for the coming vacation. If you follow this method your class periods will probably find you unprepared and wide awake. The best way to avoid trouble in this case is to ask questions concerning anything, and if your professor happens to be a member of that genus which is opposed to story telling in class, your doom is sealed.

Very often it happens that you are both sleepy and unprepared. How this situation is brought about needs no explanation. The difficulty of spending an enjoyable period while laboring under these two highly uncomfortable circumstances, is easily overcome. Merely procure an eye-shade and, having adjusted it proper-

ly, direct your physiognomy in the direction of the professor, and then enjoy an undisturbed visit to the land of Nod.

Although the moods of professors are varied, there is only one mood which justifies alarm on your part. When the professor comes into the classroom looking as sore as a laughing hyena with a split lip, and in consequence makes you feel as out of place as a woodpecker in a forest of petrified oaks, you should contemplate the shortness of one period, and console yourself by saying with the dog that backed into the lawn mower, "it won't be long now."

W. F. '27

## Our Goal

The world loves a lover, admires an admirer, boosts a booster, and knocks a knocker. In this article I wish to show you how this same principle applies to the newly reorganized "Cheer"; to put it in other words, I wish to drop a few hints as to the spirit we should show toward this paper.

The thing of paramount importance for us to remember is that this paper is a work of literature, of art. Now literature does not depend on the kind of paper on which it is printed. It may be written on papyrus having upon it the hieroglyphic inscriptions of the ancient Egyptians; it may be written on the parchments from which Herodotus read his messages to the Grecian assemblies; it may be scrawled on the roll of the Roman poet or orator; it may be printed on paper by means of the wooden printing blocks invented by Gutenberg. It appears in greater quantity in the primitive books of Wyclif or in the more advanced products of the Aldine Press. One can not help finding this literature in the torrent of books and papers which are today being poured into the lap of our reading public. All these contributions, which have come down to us from the earliest times, have survived the other writings just because they are works of literature, while many of the colossal buildings erected at the same time have gone to ruin and have been either entirely effaced from the memory of man, or are but dimly preserved therein due to the works of literature which make mention of them.

Since we see that the sublimity

## "The Last Frontier"

Loyal support was given by the entire student body of St. Joe to the movie, which was screened on September 29, for the benefit of the CHEER. The evening's entertainment was opened by an extremely enjoyable vaudeville act by Paul Walters, who willingly offered his services for the CHEER. Mr. Walters' act was followed by an "Andy Gump" comedy, which, judging from the laughter evoked, was enjoyed by everyone present. Although "The Last Frontier" is, in many respects, similar to "The Iron Horse" and "The Covered Wagon," it, nevertheless, held the interest and called forth the applause of the audience.

The CHEER wishes to thank everyone concerned for his co-operation in helping so worthy a cause.

### TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO.

While Rome was burning Nero played these selections on his uke:

Collegialis;

Vale, Vale, Merula;

Equi;

Pater Misellus;

Devolvete, Puellae, Devolvete;

Infans Vultus;

Semper;

Da Mihi Parvam Osculam, Dabisne, Huh?

and grandeur of literature surpasses that of magnificent architecture, why not further the good cause? We have a splendid opportunity for doing this by writing for the "Cheer". If you should find it too inconvenient to write, then at least read the paper and thereby show your appreciation toward those who keep it going. Whatever you do, do not knock the paper for there is nothing so harmful as destructive criticism. Boost the paper and then boost some more; then you will see it increase in excellency and spread in every direction. In this monumental undertaking, let us throw all prejudices aside and form, so to say, a united army which will move forward despite all obstacles and never rest until it has obtained its victory—success. If we all show this spirit of loyal co-operation—and I feel confident that we all will—then we cannot fall short of success. Then we will have a paper which will be a credit to the institution and to all its inmates. This is our goal, fellows! Let's attain it!

Roman J. Lochotzki '28



## C. L. S. SETS AIL

On September 19, the Columbian Literary Society spread its sails upon the placid waters of the scholastic term 1926-27. Well do the senior members of the C. L. S. understand that the power, the efficacy, and the far-reaching influence of a society depend largely upon the fitness and capability of the officers who are appointed to guide its destinies. With this view in mind the Sixth Year Members, assembled at this initial meeting, chose officers who in every way promise to measure up to the responsibilities placed upon them. These officials, who are to serve during the first semester, are:

Fred Westendorf, President;

Martin Kenney, Vice-President;

William Neidert, Secretary;

Joseph Hartman, Treasurer;

Joseph Scharrer, Critic.

Clarence Issenmann, Joseph Green, Thomas Coleman—Executive Board.  
Matthew Amato, Marshal.

Father Ildephonse Rapp, to the delight of all, continues as Rev. Director of the society. This first gathering of the C. L. S. swelled its ranks that had been thinned by the exodus of the zealous class of '26 into one of the largest enrollments in the annals of the society. Looking over the personnel assembled at this opening meeting, the Rev. Director assured the members in his own charming way, that to him the prospects for a successful year seemed exceptionally bright. So great, indeed, were his hopes that, for the moment, he did not hesitate to remark that seated before him was sufficient energy to move the whole world. However true this statement might be, one thing is certain: let every member of the C. L. S. unite his whole-souled endeavors to those of the officials, thus directing the society's combined efforts to its one cherished goal, the Shore of Success, and who shall bid us nay?

W. N. '27

First convict—"When I get out of here I'm going to have a hot time, aren't you?"

Second same—"Don't know, I'm in for life."

Mother—"Did you see Santa Claus last night, dear?"

Betty—"No, but I heard what he said when he fell over my doll buggy."

## Seconds Are Swamped 41-0

Although Jupiter Pluvius has been on the job almost constantly, his efforts were undone by Father Sol in time for the football clash between the Sixths and Seconds. True, portions of the local gridiron were still under water during the game, but considering the fact that it was still raining at six o'clock Sunday morning, we must admit that the sun is as efficient a dryer as ever.

At about three o'clock the referee's whistle started the first league game of the season in which a point was scored. During the first few minutes of play, the Seconds caused a series of chills to traverse the spines of the Senior rooters. Time and again the Sixths fumbled the ball and in spite of the fact that they gained a few yards, the ball was soon lost on a fumble. The Seconds were at first able to make considerable gains, but the Sixths soon overcame their "stage fright" and got down to business. The end of the first half found the score 14 to 0, in favor of the Seniors. Coleman and Issenmann had each scored a touchdown, while Scharrer successfully drop-kicked for the extra points.

During the second half, the Seconds were unable to stop their heavier opponents, who repeatedly broke through their line for spectacular gains. Scharrer succeeded in making a touchdown before the end of the third quarter. He also added the extra point by a drop-kick.

Three times, during the final quarter, the Seniors overcame the defense of the Seconds and scored touchdowns. Coleman took the pigskin for a 42 yard run for one touchdown, while Issenmann, looking like a prototype of Red Grange, dodged and twisted past the Seconds' men for two more touchdowns. Scharrer again gave proof of his ability as a drop-kicker by making two more successful kicks. His record of five out of six tries is certainly an enviable one.

Throughout the game the Seconds failed completely in offering resistance to the determined Sixths. Needless to say, this game failed to show the real weak points of the Sixths, for they outweighed their opponents, who, with two exceptions, were entirely inexperienced at football.

## Rosary Month

Beautiful beyond comparison is the Holy Rosary devotion that continues ceaselessly day and night in every clime to honor our Heavenly Queen, Beauty Incarnate. Ever since the day that Mary deigned to reward the entreaties of St. Dominic with the first rosary, this devotion has spread like a holy conflagration into every town, village, and habitation in the world. Strange it may seem that this noble practice should assume its brightest hues during the somber month of October. This suggestion upon first thought harbors a contradiction; maturer thought, however, convinces us that Holy Mother Church was almost infallibly wise when she chose the fading days of October to honor, in a special manner, Mary, Queen of the Holy Rosary. For like the ravaging decay that the frosts of October cast over the beauties of nature, the Albigensian heresy, that "blessed" evil that gave us the Rosary, cast a gloom over the immortal beauty of thousands of souls. In fine, the Church would have us take renewed inspiration from the very dreariness of this season; an inspiration that will lead us to offer up daily the Rosary for the many souls that are being tarnished by the inroads of sin.

The great efficacy of the Rosary, as well as the high regard in which it is held by the Church, is well exemplified in a beautiful incident. It was in the nineties that Father Leo, a priest of the diocese of Boston, sat absorbed in deep contemplation in his study. As the clock struck seven, he was aroused by a heavy knocking at the door. In his deep bass voice Father Leo said, "Come in!" And in came a lad of ten all aglow with excitement. "Come, Father, quick," the little boy pleaded, "Mother is very sick." Father Leo made ready at once. Having procured the Holy Oil and a Sacred Host—but two in reality, for a second Host had clung so closely to the first as to be unperceived—Father Leo and the lad proceeded to the outskirts of Boston. They were nearing the end of a long avenue which led from the city into the open country; and just where the avenue joined a country highway, there was a clump of trees that shaded a murmuring spring. The priest and his guide hurried along;—but what did they hear? A



murmur just audible above the rippling waters. They stopped to listen. "Hail, Mary, full of Grace..... Pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death." These words fell softly upon the brisk evening air. Being unable to locate the origin of the prayer, the priest and boy pushed onward. They proceeded, however, only a few steps, and were now alongside the clump of trees, when still more softly the "Ave Maria" was repeated. Awe and admiration strove for supremacy in the hearts of the intruders. Did the bubbling waters raise such prayer to the Queen of Heaven? The priest mused a moment, then entered the shady recess and stopped at the brink of the cool spring. There he, with the aid of a small lantern, beheld an old man lying apparently in his death agony. He was breathing heavily; then came the short gasps that precede death. The stranger was speechless, and, so far as the knowledge of the priest went, nameless, homeless, friendless. The priest would fain have assisted him but how could he divine the disposition of the stranger. All objections vanished, however, when the priest raised the man's time-worn right hand in which was tightly clasped a large-beaded rosary. What was more, the beads once oval in shape were now worn flat, and where the thumb and fore finger met, there was a groove worn by the manifold passage of the beads through them. Father Leo anointed the stranger, and then prepared to give him the Viaticum. But the thought struck him that the Host is for the sick Mother of the lad who now knelt at his side. He reflected a moment, then decided to give each a half of the Host. Opening the silver pyx he carefully withdrew the Sacred Host. To his intense surprise he beheld another host still in the pyx. "Had Mary, perhaps, worked a miracle in behalf of this her forsaken client?" the priest remarked, and then gratefully administered the Viaticum. The old man, immediately upon consuming the Host, clasped his rosary tightly and expired. Father Leo and the little lad pursued their errand of mercy, contemplating the wonders that had deked their path.

A few days later, Father Leo gave the remains of the "forsaken client of Mary" a complete Christian burial. This in spite of the fact that from the lips of the forsaken stranger not a word had been spoken that

## Dwengerites Elect Officers

Called to order by acting Vice-President, Kenneth Hans, the Dwenger Mission Unit held its first meeting of the new school year, Sunday, October, the third. The meeting was opened with prayer by our new moderator, Father Cyrille Knue, C. PP. S. Father Knue's splendid record in past mission work is sufficient to gain the confidence of all for the successful completion of the coming year's work.

The most important business of the day was the election of officers. The election returns showed that the choice of the coming session's officers are Joseph Green, President; Paul Galliger, Vice-President; Joseph Sehill, Secretary; Henry Alig, Treasurer; and Thomas Corcoran, Librarian. In past years, the earnest co-operation of these students has won the approval of all, which fact is attested to by the Society's choice in placing them at the head to lead the members in their fight to gain the "World for the Sacred Heart."

Primarily the purpose of the unit is to educate its members in home and foreign mission affairs; to instil for the mission cause a genuine spirit of love, which is best shown by offering communions, prayers, and acts of mortification for the big brother crusaders who are directly laboring at the front, and by reading the "Shield", the official paper of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, and the Dwenger mission unit's own monthly, "The

might throw light upon his spiritual standing. The incident of the rosary was sufficient testimony, but greater testimony was forthcoming. Just before services the undertaker appeared at the sacristy door and presented Father Leo with a note taken from an inside pocket of the old man's threadbare coat. Father Leo now stood in the Pulpit and prefaced his sermon with the words inscribed on this little note: "Never let a day pass without saying the rosary! Never let a minute pass without wearing the rosary on your person! Never let a second pass that is not dedicated to Mary, Queen of the Holy Rosary! Do this, and Mary will not forget you at the hour of death!" (Signed) Mother!

W. N. '27

Herald." In these and many more ways, which space will not permit to call to your attention, the members have allied themselves to foster an ardent love which will be hard to emulate by any other unit in the entire organization.

All students are thrice welcome, especially those who have the spirit of earnest co-operation for the imminent success of the unit and for the education of their own noble hearts to the grandest cause in existence—the salvation of immortal souls. All filled with these sentiments, and each and every true blooded follower of the Great Crusade is expected to be in rank within the next few meetings.

We are confident that the spirit of whole hearted co-operation on the part of all the members will in future be as excellent as it was in the first meeting and we hopefully look forward with God's blessing to the most lively and successful year the Unit has ever had or will have.

Ernest Gallagher '27

## News of the Newmans

The Newman Club, of which every Fourth year student is an enthusiastic member, convened for the first time, Sunday, September 26. According to the official count of the ballots, Thomas Corcoran was elected helmsman for the present term. The vice-presidency fell to Michael Walz, and the busy young men of the club are Paul Knapke, secretary; and Frederick Koch, treasurer. The highly responsible position of Critic went to John Wissert; Roman Missler is Marshal, and to complete the staff of officers, Robert Elwell, Nicholas Capra, and Frank Rehberger constitute the Executive Committee. Under the direction of Father Rapp great things are expected of the society of young and hopeful aspirants of the histrionic art. The members, indeed, are very much in earnest and are willing to go to any length to make the year '26-'27 one great success.

### Collegeville's Latest Song Hit.

When ice-cream grows on apple trees,

Sahara's sands get muddy;

When cats and dogs wear B. V. D's.

Then's when I'd like to study.



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## Fourths' Follies

Football? Oh yes! The Fourths' team is a humdinger, we'll tell the world, and under the leadership of such experienced veterans as Barney Boennlein, Captain; John Modrijan, manager; and directed by the best coach at St. Joe, Sid Heringhaus, we expect to have some lively times on the old gridiron.

On Monday evening, September 27, the Fourths convened and elected Cornelius Flynn, Class President; Henry Alig, Secretary, and a committee of six, including Joseph Schill, John Wissert, Sylvester Moebs, Frank Rehberger, John Modrijan and Eugene Wabblers. Plans were discussed for the coming year, and the outlook for a happy year seems very bright

### DOG BISCUITS.

Walz claims that Flynn entered the Sem for the express purpose of studying Dogma.

Big Speed—"Do you know, Hoyng reminds me of a whale."

Little Speed—"How so?"

Big Speed—"He's always spouting."

### The Hot Suitor.

(A sample of Hoyng's "Poems to Agnes")

I'd wade through seas of blood for you,

My body racked with pain.

I'd like to call tomorrow night,

Unless it starts to rain.

## One on the Irish

He was a son of Ireland  
And just as green as she  
A parrot was one of the many birds  
That Pat did never see.

While walking down the street one day

Pat saw one in a tree.

"Begorra, Oi will get that bird  
Or my name's not Pat McGee!"

Pat climbed the tree and reached for it,

But stopped in sudden fear

When the bird sang out to him and said,

"What-tha-h— do you want up here?"

"Oi --er, pardon me," said Pat,  
Scarce believing what he heard.

"Begorra and belads, sir,

Oi thought ye's was a bird."

—Francis Matthews, '29.

Moebs, to sweet young Thing—  
"And how old are you, little maid?"

S. Y. T., coyly—"I've seen eighteen summers."

Moebs, brutally—"And how many years were you blind?"

Burns says Schill is so dumb that he thinks a nut sundae is visiting day at the asylum.

As the twig is bent, so's your old man.

Maid—"Professor, the doctor is outside and wants to see you."

Absent Minded Professor—"I'm not receiving visitors today. Tell him I'm sick."

"What is the last thing a doctor does to your father when he operates on him?"

"I don't know. What?"

"Sews your ol' man."

Kenney says that a blond may be sensible although she is light headed.

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# Thrilling 13-0 Game Is Won by Thirds

In what proved to be the hardest fought game, thus far, of the season the Thirds handed the crippled Fifths the short end of a 13-0 score. Each team was out for blood and it was only the breaks of the game that decided the contest. The Fifths, although minus the services of several regulars, fought a determined game, but the handicap under which they struggled proved too great an obstacle for them to overcome. With defeat staring them in the face the whole team fought till the last whistle. Lauer, the Fifths' plunging full back, repeatedly hit the line for neat gains. For the Thirds this struggle was the opening game and a fit start towards a victorious season. The thrill of thrills in a game replete with thrills came in the second quarter when the Thirds' left end, Weigel, scooped up a fumble behind the Fifths' line and raced 45 yards for a touchdown. Grot had, but a few minutes before, twisted his way over the line for the Thirds' first touchdown.

## The "Bear" Truth

One day, Red took a notion to go bear hunting in the neighboring woods. Gathering together the necessary implements, this undaunted and fearless bronze-topped youth set out alone, for, as he said, "It takes only one to kill bears."

The sun shone brightly as he trod up the road past the Indian school. Occasionally a dog would bark and growl at the would-be "Bearslayer," but Red was not to be intimidated by a mere dog, for was he not on his way to fetch home bear meat for supper? And besides was he not from Kansas? So, flinging back a "so's your old man" at the growling canine, and swinging

his stick threateningly, he once more resumed his journey.

A half hour later found our hero fast asleep beneath a towering oak tree. The reason for this uncalled-for repose is easily explained. Red, on arriving at the woods, had found no bears waiting for him, therefore, he decided to grab about "forty winks" till a bear would dare to show its snout near his resting place.

But unluckily, he greatly overestimated the number of winks, and another half hour found him still in the "Land of Nod." His sleep, however, was not one of peace and tranquility. He saw himself, as it were, on a great plain, facing a great number of bears which were bearing down upon him. He could not move, but stood riveted to the spot.

"Help! Help!" he shouted at the top of his voice. Here he awoke. "Bears are the bunk!" he ejaculated as he rubbed his eyes.

Gathering together his supplies, he wearily plodded his homeward way. On arriving at the main building, he was confronted by a group of students, who inquired after the bears which he had promised to bring home, whereupon Red calmly answered, "I thought bears were sociable, so I followed one up, but I quit because the blamed tracks got too fresh!"

M. G. '30

Salesman—"This book is guaranteed to do half of your work."

Butch—"Give me two."

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**CRACKS AND CRACKERS**

By WOOFIE GOOFIE

Freshie (on the evening of Sept. 14)—"I'm a little stiff from riding."

Junior—"Where did you say you were from?"

"Why is Mabel so unpopular?"

"Oh, she just won a popularity contest."

"Is insomnia catching?"

"Yes, when the baby has it."

"Hey, Moike, and phwat do ye think of these new sanitary drinkin'-cups?"

"Sure, Pat, and soon we'll have to spit on our hands wid an eye-dropper."

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him in the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me?" repeated Jones, "He laughed out loud."

"I want to sweep the cobwebs from my brain."

"Why don't you use a vacuum cleaner?"

Bess—"You interest me strangely, Jack, as no other man ever has."

Jack—"You sprung that on me last night."

Bess—"Oh, was it you?"

"When I said my prayers last night, didn't you hear me ask God to make me a good little boy?"

"Yes, Tommy, I did."

"Well! He ain't done it."

Butch—"Gosh, this insomnia's getting worse. Can't even sleep when it's time to get up."

Grandpa—"Don't cry, James, I'll play Indian with you."

James—"But you won't do any good. Y—you're scalped already."

Prof.—"What three words are used oftenest among college students?"

Brenner—"I don't know."

Prof.—"Correct."

Judge—"What's he charged with, Casey?"

Cop—"I don't know the regular name for it, Judge, but I caught him flirtin' in the park."

Judge—"Ah, that's impersonating a cop."

Student (writing home)—"How do you spell 'financially'?"

Second Same—"F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y, and there are two r's in embarrassed."

He—"You should have seen Ruth run the quarter-mile."

Him—"What did she do it in?"

He—"I don't know what you call the darned things."

Brown—"Women's faces are beautiful now-a-days."

Norton—"Naturally."

Brown—"No, artificially."

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News Briefs

William Stecker, alias Doctor Rabinowitz, and Paul Russell hold the prized key to the Senior Pool Room, and these two gentlemen are not allowing that key to become rusty. The Doctor is using this room as an office, and he reports a thriving business.

Despite a few false notes, which were caused by the troublesome mosquitoes, the first band concert of the season was enjoyed and appreciated by all the listeners. The newcomers, as well as the old students are justly proud of this musical organization.

According to reports received from the frequenters of the Junior Pool Room, we judge that Joe Schill and Louie Hinkel are profiteering in their business. We, nevertheless, suggest this pool room to the younger students as a place in which to enjoy their free time.

It may be of special interest to the freshies to know that the annual initiation to St. Joe has been indefinitely postponed. This bit of information is supposed to dispel the idea, which many of the newcomers have, that the initiation has been

dropped completely.

The day following the arrival of the secular students to St. Joe witnessed the re-organization of the Raleigh Club. This organization boasts of more than eighty members, all of whom are resolved to enjoy the benefits offered by membership in this club. Every evening the club room is the scene of wholesome enjoyment, and on several occasions its walls re-echoed the wails of some offender who was being chastised in the usual manner. Junior halers and trespassers were given a timely warning, so if punishment is meted out to anyone he has himself alone to blame.

The rainy weather drove a horde of flies into our place of habitation. They have become so annoying as to disturb the beauty naps of Red Kenney.

Speaking of Red, reminds us that we want to inform our readers that he still practices elocution and (s)lumbering from 9:30 P. M. till 5:30 A. M. daily.

Lauer—"Henry Ford is going to put whiskers on his Fords."

Shenk—"Why?"

Laner—"So they look like A. Lincoln."

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## THE OLD ABBEY.

(Continued from Page 4)

spectators of so many and such varied scenes, are crumbled and fallen. "If these hallowed walls could but speak" what stirring tales could they not relate. Tales of merry gatherings about the glowing hearth; tales of surging applause greeting a dramatic success; tales of feasts, bountiful and delicious; tales of persons, perhaps long forgotten, who dwelled therein. All these would be but a few of those that might greet an eager listener. And yet a building so rich in experience, so full of memories, so fraught with meaning, was destroyed.

Despite the fact that the Old Abbey is but a memory, yet it shall not be forgotten. Ever will the merest allusion call forth a host of remembrances and reminiscences. Thus, though the last visible evidences of its existence be destroyed, though waving corn cover the ancient site, the Old Abbey will, nevertheless, live on.

—A. Z., '27.

Sign in lower study hall: "Found; an umbrella by a boy with an ivory head."

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